CAMPBELL, THE ORCHARD CITY
OF THE
FAMOUS SANTA CLARA VALLEY

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Pertinent Paragraphs

Chicago's "crime nest" was cleaned out Sunday by city and federal authorities, according to the daily press. Chicago Heights is the district referred to as the "crime nest." It is a good start, but really, Chicago's crime does not necessarily center around Chicago Heights. In fact, the whole of Chicago is more or less strangled by the brutal hand of Mafia. There is plenty of room for reformation right in the near North Side; the near South Side is also good hunting ground for the law, and Cicero—well, the law just hasn't the nerve to show its face in that district after 5:30 p. m. "Chicago's crime nest," indeed!

Governor C. C. Young of California opened the state legislature this week with a message urging the learned lawmakers to do something big for their state by remodeling California's obsolete constitution. An excellent recommendation, in our opinion. As our constitution now stands about twenty amendments are necessary at each election to keep it reasonably up to date—and that's not only a nuisance but a very expensive procedure.

John D. Rockefeller is of the opinion that the day of the massive church is more than ever at hand—and that the day of the small church is over. Perhaps. Anyway, one thing is certain, and that is that the day of church "ballyhoo" is decidedly at hand. To get the crowds, ballyhoo is absolutely essential—and that advertising must promise something far more interesting than hell-fire and brimstone.

At the closing session of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, at Frankfort-On-Main, Germany, that organization adopted resolutions to "Recommend and induce the masses to investigate and combat the politcal and economic causes of war and to remind the governments which have solemnly pledged themselves to renounce war that, without complete disarmament, the Treaty of Paris is likely to appear as a diplomatic maneuver for the deception of peoples." A point well taken—but unnecessary. Women can halt war with fewer words than that to back them up.

At a meeting of County Consolidated at Mountain View Tuesday plans for a union airport for Santa Clara county were discussed at length. And much as we dislike to throw cold water on any one's ideas, it occurs to us that Editor Peck of the Los Gatos Star bit off a pretty large bite when he trotted his brain child out for public approval. Not that the idea is unsound; far from it. The county could use an airport and we are for it as all progressive county residents should be but—it will take cooperation in excess of that which is available, and more than cooperation the slaughter of jealousy which, despite protestations of good will and much slapping of backs, exists in Santa Clara county.

One pertinent suggestion was made at the above mentioned meeting regarding airports. It seems that a bill is to be introduced at the present session of the legislature which calls for a three cent tax on gasoline consumed by aircraft, the proceeds of the tax to create a fund to be used in state aid to struggling airports and the building of county airports. The same thing exactly as state aid to county highways. It would be well for those interested in the progress of aviation to get in touch with their representatives at Sacramento, urging support of any such bill. With state aid available the chief obstacle of finance would be overcome and the county assured of having an airport eventually.

That's all.

Gophers To Meet At Mid-Winter Picnic

C. H. Whitman, M. E. Purport and H. C. Smith attended the executive committee meeting of the County Minnesota association Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Latta in San Jose.

Plans were formulated and committees appointed to make preparations for the mid-winter picnic of the association to be held at the San Jose chamber of commerce Saturday evening, Jan. 19. Members planning to attend are asked to bring a basket dinner for the family. Coffee, cream and ice cream will be provided by the refreshment committee. A brief formal program will follow the dinner.

Following are the committees appointed to prepare for the frolick

Publicity, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith and Mrs. J. H. Eastman; speaker, W. B. Denhart; music, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. H. Butts and Mr. and Mrs. Skillman; games, Mr. and Mrs. Carey and Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort; tables, Messrs and Mesdames Bert Butts, Latta and M. E. Purmort; coffee, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Butts and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Denhart; ice cream, Mr. and Mrs. Latta; finance, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Eastman.

Hammers And Saws Make Merry Din

Renovating operations at the Busy Bee restaurant are under way this week and it is hoped by Harry White, proprietor, that by next week the largest part of the fuss and muss will be over with. The counter is being extended clear to the front of the dining room, leaving only enough space for a small cigar case and cash-

The candy counters are being done away with and tables are to occupy the entire north side of the room, as heretofore the place has been too crowded during cannery season, according to Mr. White.

Earl Gard is doing the carpenter work.

"Winter Flannels"

IOOF Post New Officers For 1929

District Deputy Grand Master Julius Bachman and staff of Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, I. O. O. F. installed the officers of their own lodge into the respective seats for the ensuing year at the regular meeting held last Thursday evening.

The installation took place before a 100 per cent attendance, including a number of visitors from neighboring lodges.

Installed were: Past grand, A. Brydon; noble grand, Charles G. Thompson; vice grand, Lester Brackett; recording secretary, Ralph Gardner; financial secretary, Edward Genasci; treasurer, T. A. Robinson; chaplain, H. A. Pratt; warden, F. H. Getchell; conductor, Fred E. Jones; R. S. N. G., Charles W. Shumway; L. S. N. G., E. O. Evans; R. S. V. G., D. A. McQueen; L. S. V. G., Olaf Strom; I. G., A. B. Covey; O. G., Oberon Kosich; R. S. S., Walter Silberhauer; L. S. S., Guy Merriman.

Following the installation a banquet was served in the lodge rooms by Harry White, local caterer.

Kiwanians Learn About Business Correspondence

Campbell Kiwanians Tuesday noon listened to a very interesting talk on "Business Letters," by Alvin Long of the Long Advertising Service of San Jose. Mr. Long has been in the game quite a while and has learned some interesting and valuable facts which he passed on to the local men.

Special music was enjoyed at the meeting, Mr. and Miss Nichols at violin and piano. The club quartette was to have performed but due to the absence of Harry Smith that part of the program was chalked off the board.

Ralph H. Hyde was chairman of the day, and it is reported that he didn't have much luck collecting fines.

At the next meeting Ted Gail, our enterprising new baker, will preside and E. H. Staffelbach, Kiwanian, San Jose, will be the speaker.

Local Shops O. K. Says Head Man

G. P. McCullough of the state board of barber examiners was in Campbell Tuesday inspecting the local shops and told a Press representative that he found all three places in good condition and making every effort to conform to all the state regulations and laws.

A great deal has been accomplished by the state toward making barber shops more sanitary, the service better, and eliminating the unqualified barber, according to Mr. McCullough.

There are a number of things to which the public is entitled when patronizing a barber shop in this state, Mr. McCullough informed the Press.

"The barber must wash his hands before serving you; you are entitled to clean towels, including a steam towel, with each shave; you are entitled to have a towel or strip of cotton placed around your neck under haircloth before you receive a haircut; you are entitled to have comb, razor, tweezers, etc., sterilized before being served—insist upon it; all shops are required to display the sanitary rules and regulations in a conspicuous place so that you will know what you are entitled to get. If these rules are not posted in such a place, please notify the California state board of barber examiners," said Mr. McCullough.

Law Discussed Monday At Club Meet

The Country Women's club enjoyed an unusual program Monday when Mrs. W. E. Hart of Mountain View gave a talk on parliamentary law and conducted a business meeting exemplifying the instructions she had previously stated.

The members and visitors present gained much valuable information in a very interesting manner and greatly appreciated the visit of Mrs. Hart, who has been parliamentarian for the sixth district P. T. A. for several years.

Mrs. D. H. Cramer, president, gave a report on the large collection of parcels of toys and clothing given by the club at Christmas to needy Indian children.

Union Airport Discussed By County Consolidated At Mountain View Tueseay

The booster bunch of Mountain View were hosts Tuesday to the Santa Clara County Consolidated at that city. Considerable conversation regarding a union airport for Santa Clara county was indulged in. Lt. Frank Flynn, superintendent of Mills field, San Francisco, discussed the desirability of a suitable airport outside of San Jose, that city also to have its own airport. It was suggested that some spot west of San Jose might be agreed upon for the location of such a port.

At the election of officers Wendell Thomas was re-elected president, Dr. Wilcox of Santa Cl[illegible] vice president and Miss Be[illegible] Downing secretary.

Mr. Miller of San Jose cha[illegible]ber of commerce spoke of th[illegible] weekly broadcast of "Sant[illegible] Clara County Gospel," giving the wonderful advantages of this delightful valley. Each community and industry will be boosted by this etherial method on Monday evenings over a period of 52 weeks. In this manner many attractive features of the county will be told those listeners-in who are looking for such information.

One of the main attractions in the valley at this time is the mid-winter flower show to be held in San Jose Friday and Saturday of this week. Everyone is urged to visit the show.

H. C. Smith, president of the Campbell chamber of commerce, reminded those present that the first big celebration on the county program is the annual Old Settlers' Day to be celebrated at Campbell Feb. 22. He issued a most cordial invitation to all communities through their representatives to attend and help make the day more enjoyable and successful. Mr. Smith also served notice of the approaching mid-winter picnic of the Minnesota association to be held at San Jose chamber of commerce aSturday evening, Jan. 19.

The invitation of Mr. Landels, the good Samaritan of Los Altos, to meet with his townspeople Feb. 5 was unanimously accepted.

Russell Pettit reported a most successful exhibit at the state fair with a cash balance to return to the county. He also stated that the prune sales had been most gratifying and that probably very few would be turned back.

A delegation from the newly incorporated city of Willow Glen, headed by Charley Shumway, was present at the meeting and were invited to attend consolidated meetings pending their formation of a chamber of commerce in that city.

Congregational Church Hears Yearly Reports

At the annual meeting of the Campbell Congregational church Monday night the following officers were elected for the coming year: deacon, William C. Cutting; trustee, Walter H. Stray; treasurer, Roy Archibald; clerk, Mrs. L. F. Shaw; financial secretary, G. R. Merriman; Sunday school superintendent, F. H. Cutting; usher, M. A. Ross; deaconesses, Mrs. H. S. Young, Mrs. R. Y. Maxon and Mrs. T. A. Cutting; music committee, Dr. W. I. Merrill, W. H. Stray and Mrs. H. S. Young; nominating committee for 1930, Stanley Smith, Mrs. W. H. Stray and Mrs. W. H. Woodbury.

Minutes of the business meetings of the past year were read byMrs. L. F. Shaw, and reports of proceedings for the past year were read by the different officers, showing a year full of activity and progress. H. V. Archibald reported for the deacons, T. A. Cutting for the trustees, Miss Jessie Lewis and Mrs. W. I. Merrill for the Guild, F. H. Cutting for the Sunday school, Elsie Merrill for the young people's societies, Mrs. J. H. Bennett for the Busy Bees, and Mrs. E. R. Smith for the missionary society.

The clerk's report was read by Mrs. L. F. Shaw, th etreasurer's report by R. G. Archibald, the financial secretary's report by G. R. Merriman, and the pastor's report by the Rev. J. H. Bennett, who commended all officers and departments for the splendid accomplishments of the year.

T. A. Cutting acted as moderator for the evening.

NEWS FROM SAN JOSE T. C.

By Miriam Blaine

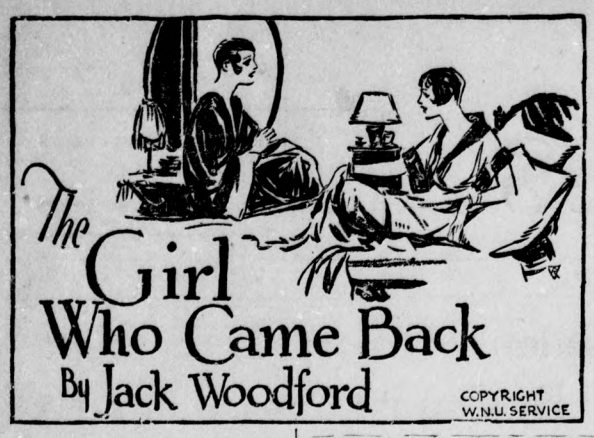
Perhaps Campbellites will be interested in knowing that in response to numerous requests from college girls, Mrs. Louis Shelley has helped organize a group composed of college Camp Fire girls at the San Jose state teachers' college.

Cherokee girls of Campbel[illegible] have always figured in county affairs. Four former Cherokee girls are in the group, and two are among the officers. Elsie Merrill is president of the college grou[illegible]

This movement to carry Cam[illegible] Fire into college is not an effort on our part to keep from growing up—a good part of our training is concerned with the shouldering of responsibility, and we have a good deal more to think about and plan for now than we had when we were in high school. We are growing in Camp Fire. No one ever gets too old to "give service" or "pursue knowledge" or "be trustworthy."

Of course we will not be earning honors as feverishly as we did in high school. There wasn't much time then, and there doesn't seem to be any time now. Most of us have attained all the ranks, and can go no farther in that way, but it is not necessary to say that we will be working.

Camp Wastahi girls will remember a few of Miss Florence Stahl's old bunch — Yvonne Champreux, Frances Sturdevant and Eleanor Hueston. They are with us now, and we're all primed for big things in Camp Fire during 1929.



The Girl Who Came Back

By Jack Woodford

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CHAPTER IX

The change in Fred Watterson had been not only subjective but also objective. Apparently he had done less drinking. His face no longer had the puffed "massaged" look, and his eyes were steady, even solemn.

Lolita acknowledged that he was very handsome and very appealing in an impersonal sort of way, with his almost little boyish air of honest contrition and subdued sorrow for what he had done. When he suggested that they drop into the refectory in the park for a bite to eat she readily consented. The big refectory was almost empty and they chose seats by a window where they could look out over the North pond toward a little bridge that spanned it at a narow point. With the leaden skies above, the glass-like water reflecting the leaning trees at the edge of the pond, the vista was one of distinct, if somewhat sad, beauty. When they had ordered sandwiches and coffee Fred leaned toward her across the table and spoke with a constrained air as though, somehow, he were almost afraid to have her answer his questions:

"What have you been doing since I last saw you?"

"Writing."

"Writing?"

"Yes, short stories; in fact, I'm going to start a serial which I hope to sell."

"Do you mean that you actually are supporting yourself from the proceeds of your writing—you're very young."

"Yes, I am young (she reflected that he was hardly much over twenty-five himself) but apparently very lucky; still, that's unfair—you see, I took part of a short story course under a very excellent instructor at Southwestern university, who helped me wonderfully. I suppose that I just have had some latent knack for it all of the time—or, perhaps, it's just that the unusual experiences I went through helped in some way."

His eyes searched her face anxiously; somewhow, Lolita felt, he was not satisfied with this answer to his question.

"But how did you get out of jail, how did you live immediately after you got out of jail. How did you get the money to register at Southwestern; how did you support yourself until you sold your first story, and where did you go to lay low while the newspapers were broadcasting about you?"

His deep sincerity and entire lack of the former flippancy that had marked him prompted her to tell him the whole story, from beginning to end, omitting only the part about Mr. Warrill; somehow she could not bring herself to speak of him, she felt as though if she did a lump would come into her throat and choke her. She even told him enough about Harvey Torrence to enable him to guess the rest, which he did promptly, but without so much as a raised eyebrow of condemnation. "And," she ended, "I've never blamed you for what happened—something was almost inevitably bound to happen to me in order to wake me up. Had it not been for poor Harvey's death, I believe that I should be almost glad for what happened."

"You sincerely loved Harvey, then?" he quickly put in

"No, I'm ashamed to say that I didn't. I sincerely thought that I did, however, but I didn't; I'm quite sure of that now."

"Listen," he cut in earnestly, as though at last he were thoroughly satisfied that he had heard everything he wanted to hear, "I've been worried sick for fear that because of what I brought upon you you'd given up and gone bad. It worried me ten times worse than the death of that poor Harvey chap. I'm ever so glad things have come out for you as they have. I'll sleep better now and work better. I've got a small real estate business of my own that I'm trying to work up. Only a little of Dad's money in it, and I'm paying that out to him as fast as I make anything. I was so afraid for you because most people have such a fool idea that a man may be down but never out, while a girl, once she's down is out for good. I'm sure glad you didn't accept the popular cant about that."

"Then you—you respect me just as though I were a thoroughly good girl?"

"You bet I do—ten times more. A thoroughly good girl, ofttimes doesn't know what she might do if it burned her once. You've been through the flames and, to my way of thinking, came out untarnished.

"Do I think you're a good girl?—well, I like that—I, I—think you're ripping."

Suddenly Lolita felt her lashes all wet. A strange mistiness had also come to the eyes of the man across the table. They looked at each other and then looked out of the window in embarrassment.

Lolita had that strange feeling for a moment that comes to everyone at times as she looked out through the window at the pond and the trees mirrored in it; it was as though her mind were mentally photographing the scene. She felt that she would remember it, and the moment, all of her lifetime. She could have cried with the happiness of the knowledge that here was the third man she had found who believed in her despite everything that had happened. Truly, she felt, she had been lucky. If only every girl who had taken a misstep could find some one who still believed in her. What a difference it would make in so many lives. For several moments they both struggled for composure. Fred succeeded in regaining his first.

"I can't imagine," he began, "what the Gray Eyed One's interest in you is—I'm a little afraid it is probably not all altruistic. However, I may be wrong. And, at any rate, you've taken the wisest course. The fact that he has made no advances despite every possible opportunity to do so is, of course, significant; still, it may have been that he was awaiting the proper moment. I would follow out the course you have already chosen, it seems to be a very wise one, and eventually return his money to him. In fact, it would make me very happy if you'd let me loan you the money to pay him back at once. And, if there's anything else you need—" He reached into his pocket and handed her a card. "I want you to look to me, and I don't want you to misunderstand that, either. I'll simply loan you the money, and you can pay it back later from the proceeds of your stories."

"You're very kind," Lolita told him, "but I don't want to borrow from you, and I shan't ask you for help—ever. I'm on my own and I'm going to stay that way. It's the best way."

"You bet it is," he agreed enthusiastically."

They had finished their sandwiches and coffee.

"Won't you let me take you to your door?" he begged.

"No," she returned firmly. "I'm sorry, but I don't want anyone to know where I'm living now. It's right near here and I can very easily walk it."

"But you'll let me see you again?"

She hesitated and he read a "no" in her eyes.

"Please!" he begged. "The fact of the matter is, I haven't had you out of my mind for a whole day at a time since that dreadful morning. Gertrude didn't know where you were, or wouldn't tell me. I couldn't find you. I was wondering if it would do any good to put an ad in the personal columns of the newspapers. Please understand that you must let me see you again." She hesitated a long time, and what finally moved her was the thought of her own lonesomeness, her own wish to see Warrill. If it could hurt her as much as it did to want to see some one, it was sheer cruelty to inflict the same sort of thing needlessly on some one else.

"Well," she temporized. "I thought I'd come out for a walk in the park every morning about ten o'clock; if you'd care to meet me here tomorrow about—"

"May I bring my car and take you for a ride?"

"Yes," agreed Lolita, "I think I'd like that, but you mustn't for one moment think . . ." they were out in the park path again now.

"Believe me," he said, as she stopped, indicating that she wished him to leave her now so that she might continue on home, "I think that you're just about the most Wonderful Girl In All The World." With that he tipped his hat, smiled warmly, turned and walked off. Instead of feeling like like smiling, Lolita felt like crying. If only it could have been Mr. Warrill who had stood there and said that! It seemed that life was always hard.

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As the days went by, Lolita found herself very often sailing along the boulevards in Fred Watterson's car. It was practically the only recreation that she had, and she was grateful to him for providing it. At first she had hoped that she might help Fred in some way in return for the enjoyment that his company gave her. She tried to encourage him in thinking that he could make his own way, live down the old life that he had led—and the change in him seemed to be bona fide, for he was the soul of courtesy and gentlemanliness, but it appeared that he wanted her more than her encouragement. One day, toward the latter part of May, they took a long drive out through the South side, stopping for luncheon, and then returning toward the North side along the new outer boulevard link. When they came to the wide turn opposite the Field museum, Fred drove the car over to the edge of the road and stopped. There were no other cars parked in the vicinity.

Lolita was almost happy. Moody always, the hour and the place filled her with a delicious happy-sad feeling.

She was conscious of looking her best. Hard work and study had not disagreed with her. She was a little thinner, she knew, and her eyes were brighter, and there was an intensely and poignant quality in her always beautiful little face which she knew was not lost upon Fred. Turning to her after a long, contemplative silence, he said without preliminary:

"Lolita, I love you." This literally took her breath away. She was wholly unprepared for it. She felt embarrassed. Ashamed. As though she had taken some sort of advantage of him. He hurried on.

"I hope you'll believe that I've truly changed—really I have; and there's no danger that I shall ever 'revert to type,' Harvey's death, and my love for you have made me see life as I never saw it before, and there will be no relapse into old ways. I want you to be my wife." Suddenly Lolita raised her hands to her face and painful sobs tore their way out without warning. He was all contrition at once.

"Oh, my dear, please, please!" he begged. "Don't cry like that. What is it?" His arms were about her. Turning her face up to his he kissed her full on the mouth, hugged her tightly, let his lips drift over her cheeks and throat. At last she pushed him away.

"I—wish—Fred," she managed jerkily, "that—I could—love you—but I can't; I'm—I'm so sorry!" Releasing her he leaned back in his seat to contemplate her with a white face.

"There is some one else?" he guessed almost immediately.

"Yes," she told him honestly, "there is some one else."

"Are you engaged to him?"

"No, he, he's engaged to some one else—is to be married in June to her—a girl who hurt me dreadfully."

"I see," said Fred, with some relief manifest in his tone; "then I may still call on you, and help you to forget this, er—other person?"

"Yes, I will still meet you, when you feel that you can take the time from your business—if you really want me to, but, frankly, Fred, I'm afraid that I could never love or marry anyone else—"

"I'll take the chance," he rejoined with grim determination.

After that he drove her to the place in the park, where they always met and parted, and then drove off.

Lolita hurried on to the house where her room was, and went upstairs, determined to put her mind upon her work and her studies. It was discouraging how the weeks instead of diminishing her longing for Warrill only strengthened it. Had she known that on a newsstand not a block away lay a magazine containing a story of Warrill's wherein he cleverly had a male character assume much the role that he had assumed that night in her room, wild horses would not have kept her from buying the magazine immediately and reading the story; and, had she read the story, she would have been made deliriously happy, and more than a little sad, for in it Warrill contrived to have his feminine character named Lolita and his male character Donald, and Donald, after engaging himself to marry an heiress, lost Lolita and longed for her to come back to him, saying, "Doesn't she realize that the moment of weakness that led me to think that I might marry wholly for money and turn aside from love is past, that I am truly sorry, and contrite and ashamed and want her (Lolita) back again with all of my heart and soul? She herself has made mistakes. She is trying to strengthen and broaden her character, why cannot she bear with me, come back to me, forgive me, marry me, and then we could both help each other to a firmer, broader understanding of life." He had written the story in desperation, hoping that she would come across it, after all other attempts to find her had failed. His engagament with Miss Pringle had been broken off. The papers had not mentioned it, at Miss Pringle's request.

However, Lolita did not know of the magazine story; and, as it was in a magazine that she never read, since she had no hopes of selling it a story, there was little likelihood that she would find it.

Turning to her mail, she opened five or six envelopes only to find her stories and rejection slips in all of them.

This had been the program for some weeks. Constant reading, not only of books upon writing, but upon philosophy and psychology, the writer's two standbys, had so improved her that it was almost unacceptable to the cheap magazines for whom she had first started to write, and she had not yet been able to make the grade into better sorts of publications.

Her courage, however, had not deserted her; the serial was nearing completion, and if that sold she knew she would have plenty of money; and in the meantime, she had hopes for a novelette she had sent off to a publication that had accepted practically everything that she ever had sent it.

The following morning, a little worn-out by overwork, and a little ill from the necessity of paying very little for meals, and skipping one now and then, she decided that human companionship, of any kind, would cheer her up tremendously. Calling up Gertrude at the Emporium, she made an appointment with her for lunch.

Meeting Gertrude they walked over to the lunchroom. Selecting a table by a window they ordered and Gertrude began immediately to chatter.

"Good G—d, girlie, where have you been?"

"Working like the devil," returned Lolita wanly.

"You don't look well."

"No, I don't feel well. You see, I don't eat regularly, I'm an author." This caused Gertrude to laugh mightily.

"You, an author! That's hot. But, on the level, are you broke?"

"Yes nearly. I can't treat you; I can barely afford to pay for my own lunch, so it will have to be a Dutch treat."

"Like h—ll it will," said Gertrude fiercely, "this is on me, and don't you forget it. Remember, I haven't got any room rent to pay."

"Did you know that Fred Watterson was back?" Lolita next asked her.

This Had Been the Program for Some Weeks.

"Yes, but I've only seen him once; he wanted to know where you were."

"He's been taking me riding almost daily."

"For crying out loud! I didn't know that he was on your trail again. It's too bad the ship didn't sink."

"Oh, don't say that, he's quite changed. Doesn't drink; is working up his own business. He's so different I hardly believe you'd recognize him. He's asked me to marry him."

"Wh-a-a-t!" Gertrude's query could be heard the entire length of the room.

"Yes, he asked me to marry him, and I rejected him."

"Oh, oh, oh, you rejected two million dollars when you haven't got enough money to eat! I could crown you with a bottle. Why on earth did you turn him down?"

"Because I don't love him."

"Well, what of it? Nobody could love him, but think of the money."

"I hadn't thought of it; but now that you mention it, it would be nice. What a difference money does make. Still, even leaving that phase of the question out of it, I do rather like him. But I most certainly don't love him." Gertrude leaned across the table to speak earnestly.

"Now lookit, kid; don't you be any d—n fool. However, you look at the thing, and not wanting to hurt your feelings, let me say that after what's happened to you, you'll look different to most men if they find out about it—and they always do, somehow, sooner or later, find out those things—and they never forgive 'em. It's the handicap every woman has in life. Take it from me, if you've got a chance to grab a ring, you grab it. If you don't like the guy, it won't be any trouble at all to get something on him later and divorce him and knock him for a row of stocks and bonds for alimony. That reformation stuff is all the bunk. Oh, he may be serious enough about it and be fooling even himself, but take it from me, I know his breed. They take a notion to reform about every five years or so, but it never sticks. You'd do better to marry him, not loving him, than to marry some one whom you did love. For every reason in the world, if you can get young Watterson, you grab him—take it from one who, etc., etc., etc., I guess I don't need to explain." Lolita was a little moved by the other's ungrammatical forensic despite herself, and the fact that she was a little moved—though not by the argument per se—was to her significant. What got under her skin was the thought that should she marry Watterson, she would have plenty of leisure for solid study and real worthwhile writing, and the fact that this thought did touch her made her see in a vivid new light just how Warrill had thought and felt.

Thoughtfully, as she walked toward her room, she remembered the last words that had passed between Gertrude and herself after luncheon; she remembered and wondered just how much she had really meant by them: Gertrude had said at parting:

"You take me seriously, now, and cultivate this chap Watterson while he's in a marrying mood?"

"Well, maybe," had been her reply.

CHAPTER X

The following morning, Sunday, was a beautiful bright day. Lolita had an appointment with Watterson at one o'clock. They were to have lunch together. Thoughtfully she recalled her remark to Gertrude the day before. Watterson, she knew, could be made to propose again today by the slightest word or look.

Her room rent, she reflected, was due in the morning, and she had not the money to pay it. Had, altogether, only fifty-seven cents; she had counted it carefully the night before.

She dressed with infinite care, picking out the prettiest and most becoming of the things that she found presentable. The result was not wholly satisfactory. Her clothes were beginning to have that worn, rumpled look.

She happened to glance at the calendar. In two more days it would be the first of June. Warrill would be married in the first week of June. She would, in all probability, not see him again as long as she lived. With each increasing week and month it seemed that life got harder and harder.

In order to conserve to the ultimate the fifty-seven cents remaining to her she decided to walk down to the meeting place. This would take the better part of an hour and necessitated starting at once. Drying her eyes she powdered again carefully and set out.

At a street corner a familiar voice spoke at her elbow:

"How do you do, Miss Forbes?" Lolita looked up in surprise into the face of Miss Truxton.

"Why," she breathed in some embarrassment, "how do you do?"

Miss Truxton fell into step beside her. She was a woman of thirty-five or forty, of whom Gertrude had once said, "there's no possible chance that she'll ever go wrong—nobody would help her." Nevertheless, Lolita thought that there was something almost beautiful about her this morning; she had never seen her look that way in the store.

"I've often wondered what became of you," Miss Truxton confided in a level tone. "You were always such a pretty little thing."

"Well," returned Lolita a little cynically, "if you read the papers and believed—"

"Yes, I read them, but I didn't believe them. There was always something about you that led me to suspect that even under the circumstances you'd come out on top somehow."

"I'm far from the top," laughed Lolita, "but, on the other hand, I am not exactly on the bottom, either." Miss Truxton laughed gaily at this.

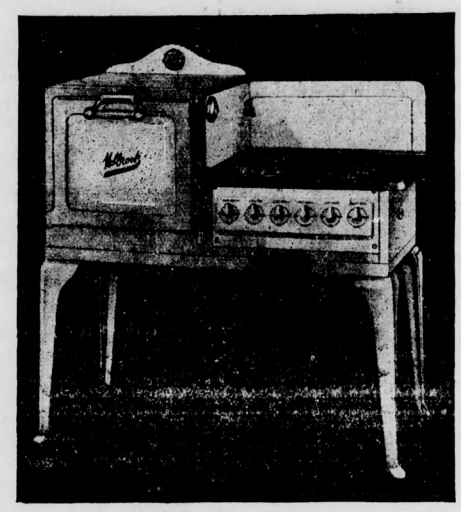
"I've often wanted to ask Gertrude about you; but Gertrude and I barely speak to each other. She thinks that I am an unexperienced prude and

Continued On Page Four

Electric Ranges

"Holbrook"

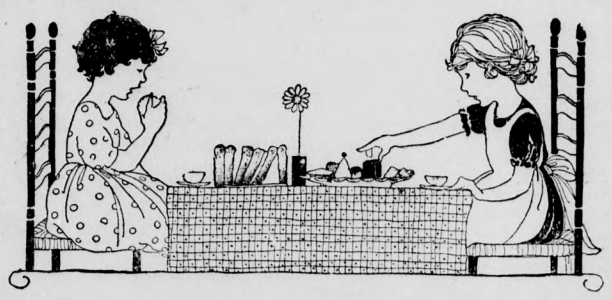
L & H



See the ranges on our floor

This is the latest design. Has both temperature and time control. Electri current turns on and off automatically.

C. H. Whitman



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Peter Pan Bakery

TED GAIL, Prop.

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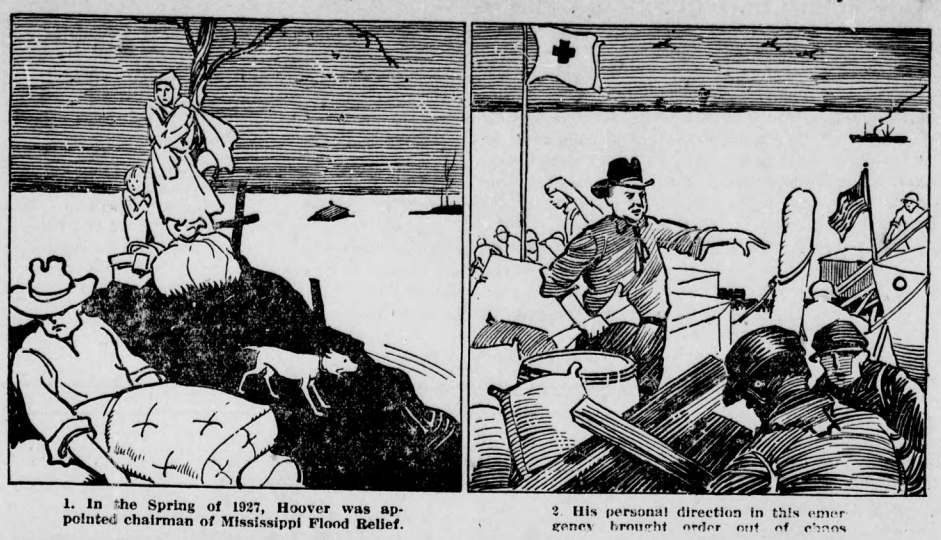
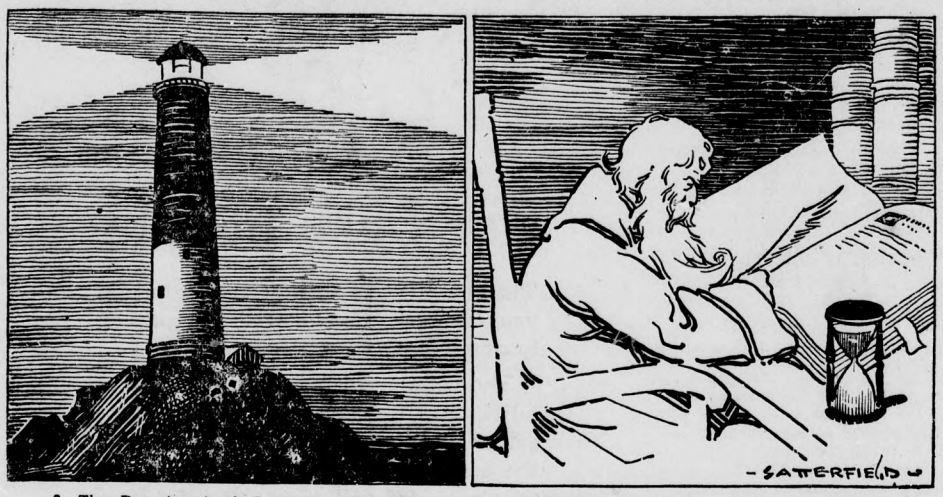
PICTORIAL LIFE OF HERBERT HOOVER

No. 18 By Satterfield



1. In the Spring of 1927, Hoover was appointed chairman of Mississippi Flood Relief.

2. His personal direction in this emergency brought order out of chaos



3. The Department of Commerce since 1921 stands as a beacon light to the whole world.

4. Into History's pages are yet to be written the final works of this man who does big things.

Town Tales Tersely Told

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bowen of Minneapolis are visiting in California and spending three weeks in San Jose. They are old time friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Purmort, who have been showing them some of the interesting sights of this vicinity. Among these was a delightful trip last week to the summit of Mt. Diablo.

Miss Alice K. Townsend was a visitor from the east Tuesday at the home of her brother, A. B. Townsend, and family. Miss Townsend left the same evening for Oakland where she will stay indefinitely with a nephew, Arthur Townsend.

James Knappen left Sunday for Marysville where he resumed Monday his duties as a member of the faculty of the high school and junior college.

Miss Eva Mitchell is recuperating at her home on Everett street following an operation at a San Jose hospital for the removal of her tonsils.

G. E. Farley this week purchased a new Ford sedan from the firm of Clancy & Semas at Santa Clara.

The elective and appointive officers of Ada Rebekah lodge will be installed at Campbell Tuesday evening by D. D. Pres. Betty Bettinger and staff. Following the ceremony a banquet will be enjoyed by members and visitors.

Word has been received by friends that Mrs. Meda Waite, former postmaster at Campbell, is much improved from her flu attack although still convalescing. This news will be pleasing to her host of friends in the Campbell section.

Attorney L. D. Bohnett is slowly gaining after a severe relapse following a case of flu. By the efficient care of his sister, Grace, he has been nursed through a very critical period.

The Campbell Grammar P. T. A. will serve the annual banquet of the chamber of commerce Friday evening, Jan. 25, in the school cafeteria.

Uncle Joe Bohnett is steadily improving from his recent flu attack and feels quite himself again though not yet getting about town.

Mrs. C. H. Whitman is nursing a severe cold gathered in on her vacation in Oregon.

George Ingram who was with the Red Front store, Oscar Lambert and his father, all of whom had spent the past two months in Ariona, arrived in Campbell Monday.

Owners of pet animals should see that they do not visit the city garbage dumps as poison has been placed there to destroy rats and it will be fatal to dogs and cats as well.

Mrs. George Medlock is confined to her home with a severe attack of flu.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. H. Bennett, Pastor

At 11 a. m. next Sunday the pastor will deliver a sermon on "Perfection." Talk to the children on "Irenaeus, the Listening Laddie."

At 6:30 p. m. the younger peoples' groups will discuss the question, "What is Sin?"

At 7:30 p. m., service led by the pastor. Subject of sermon, "The Wayfarer's Idea of Sin."

Wednesday, Jan. 16, is the date set for the first of the new series of fornightly church suppers, open to everyone at 35 cents a plate. The Rev. Rifenback will speak at the meeting following the supper. Mr. Rifenback is the rector of Trinity church, San Jose. Special music will also be given. Reservations must be made with Mrs. J. H. Bennett, Mrs. F. H. Cutting or Mrs. Persons.

The annual report of the work for 1928 showed that the church has passed through an interesting year. Over $4,200 was the total raised for the year and a deficit of $100 may even now be righted by special gifts.

The year has been one of heavy losses but also of great hope. The growth of the new life has been very encouraging and the promises for the budget requirements of $4,150 for 1929 are stronger this year than last. The Sunday school and younger peoples' groups have made large increases. The spirit of the church is strong and its activities are tending to be felt in the life of the town.

Three new members were admitted to the church last Sunday. They are Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Mary Lamphear and Miss Sadie Maxon.

Many Illuminants

The bureau of lighthouses says the lighthouses of the United States use kerosene, incandescent oil vapor, acetylene gas, old gas, and electric current for the illuminant, according to various local conditions and requirements. It is believed that the navy uses both electric current and acetylene gas.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL PTA

The postponed meeting of the Campbell union grammar school P. T. A. was held Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 8. The kindergarten children, under the direction of their teacher, Miss Dean, sang several songs and Mr. Hancock, county superintendent of schools, gave an interesting talk on visual education. The membership chairman reported 174 members enrolled. It was voted to furnish five dozen sandwiches for the card party to be given by the Foothill council Jan. 12. The report of Mrs. S. N. Hedegard on a series of motion pictures to be given in the school was accepted. Mrs. Hedegard selected "A Trip Around the World," which will take the entire semester, showing a part each week. It was voted to prepare the dinner for the chamber of commerce to be given this month. Mrs. Lopes was appointed chairman of the committee in charge. Mrs. Davidson's class won the attendance prize.

High PTA

The Campbell high school P. T. A. will hold another evening meeting Tuesday, Jan. 15, in the Annex, which has been recently renovated. Supper will be served at 6:30. All members and friends of the school are invited. Bring a salad or a cake as your contribution.

Methodist Church
W. C. Robins, Pastor

Sunday, Jan. 13 — Sunday school starts promptly at 9:45 a. m. with song and worship. Special music led by a small orchestra. Officers and teachers are expected to be on hand five minutes before classes take up. Parents are urged to attend with their children.

The pastor will deliver the sermon at 11 a. m.

Epworth league devotional service at 6:30. Good leader and a fine topic for discussion.

Evening service at 7:30. A young peoples' choir will furnish the music. The pastor will bring the message.

Wednesday, prayer, fellowship and ible study.

Thursday, Jan. 17, the ladies aid will meet at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. C. C. Byrus for the purpose of planning their work for the year.

WEISSMULLER QUITS

Johnny Weissmuller, proclaimed by many as the greatest swimmer of all time, is to retire from amateur competition following his performance in scholastic swimming championships in Chicago on January 3.

Annapolis' Nickname

The name "Paris of the Colonies" was applied to Annapolis. From a little settlement on the Severn in 1664, it grew in size and importance until it became the capital of Maryland. By 1750 it was famed for its gayety and luxury and on that account was often referred to as the "Paris of the Colonies."

Shoes

For dependable footwear and shoe repairing we use quality materials and do quality work.

E. E. Sower

FIELD'S STORE

January 10, 11 and 12 Specials

Del Monte Melba Peaches, 3 large cans	53c
Bean Hole Beans, per can	13c
Uuited Toilet Tissue, 3 1000 sheet rolls	33c
I. X. L. Not Boneless Tamales, can	11c
Fortuna Cut Stringless Beans no. 2 can	23c
Carnation Wheat Flakes, large pkg.	27c
S. O. S., the convenient scouring pad	19c
Del Monte Raisins, 3 15 oz. pkgs.	23c
Fluffo Shortening, 1 lb. can	24c
Betty Brooms, enameled handles	68c
Strawberry Preserves, 8 lb. jar	63c

SPRAY MATERIALS SPRAY MATERIALS

Rex, Ortho and San Jose Oils—Bordeaux Prepared and Bulk

Get Our Prices!

FIELD'S STORE

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Genuine GOODRICH Made Tires

You can save money by getting your tires and tire service from your home town garage.

Recognized Quality At Low Prices

Silvertown Radio Commander			
30x3½	$7.75	$5.45	$4.55
31x4	13.85	10.05	8.35
32x4	14.75	10.75	8.75
33x4	15.50	11.30	
33x4½	20.25	14.70	
29x4.40	9.50	6.70	5.70
30x4.50	10.55	7.45	6.50
29x4.75	11.95	8.70	
31x5.00	13.30	9.70	
31x5.25	15.30	11.10	10.25
33x6.00	18.50	13.40	12.40

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CAMPBELL, CALIF.

'Service' is ourslogan

In this day of slogans and big pronouncem'nt a great deal of stress is being laid on Service in various lines. When we boast "service," we mean it and deliver with a smile. Our automobile service is up to the minute with all the latest equipment---and this is particularly true of our GOODYEAR TIRE SERVICE.

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.

Continued From Page Two

know nothing about life. And I've always been afraid to be the least bit friendly with her anyway, for fear she'd take advantage of it and lay down on the job—she's an excellent saleslady if she's held tightly in hand."

Lolita smiled to herself and asked a daring question.

"After all, what do you know about life, Miss Truxton?"

For some reason this question caused Lolita's former boss to laugh unrestrainedly.

"You'd be surprised, my dear—that is, if I were to tell you; but I shan't, except to say that when I was a good deal younger I had much the same experience that you had with that Torrence person, in fact, the man I have in mind was so much like Harvey Torrence. It must be hard for the devil to tell them apart now. I learned about life from him, and no other man has ever gotten within slapping distance of me since that time. However, I was foolish . . . terribly foolish in letting my experience with one man cause me to hate all men. Shortly after it occurred another man wanted me to marry him. I was a fool not to do it. Personally, I think that men ought to be abolished, but as they exist, the best way is to marry a half-way decent one if you can find such, and then do the best you can with him."

"You mean, even if you don't love him?"

"Most particularly, if you don't love him. The best thing to do about a man you love is to run from him as from the plague—he'll torture you. Pick out a sober, respectable, reliable one, and thank your lucky stars for him."

"I wonder if you're right?" mused Lolita aloud.

"I gather from that," went on Miss Truxton swiftly, "that you already have a prospect."

"Yes, I'm on my way to meet him at the present moment."

"Well, salt him down before some other seiner scoops him up." Lolita laughed and then grew suddenly serious as a new thought struck her.

"Would you take me back at the store?" she asked.

Miss Truxton looked down at her curiously.

"Yes, I would; you were an excellent saleslgirl, and no one would remember the first-class news you provided for the papers except the girls around the place, and they'd get over the shock the first day—Lord knows few of them have any right to talk about—you—but, in heaven's name, why go back there? I couldn't pay you any more than you were getting before."

"I just wanted to know whether or not I could come back. I'm pretty well up against it for money. I may have to. It's been nice to see you again."

"Good-by," smiled Miss Truxton, swinging on.

Watterson was waiting for her. At the end of the luncheon they started for a drive and at a little park he stopped the car and, reaching down into his pocket, brought up a purple plush box, the sight of which struck terror to Lolita's heart. Opening it he displayed a diamond solitaire which nearly took Lolita's breath away. She fingered it lovingly, put it carefully upon the wrong finger and held it out at arm's length. Suddenly she was in his arms, and he was covering her face with kisses:

"My dear; Oh! my dear," he murmured, with passionate overtones in his voice beyond anything Lolita had ever heard before, "I love you so—won't you marry me?" It was on the tip of Lolita's tongue to say yes; but something stopped her.

"I'll give you my answer tomorrow, if you'll meet me as usual, about ten o'clock." And with this she made him be content, though he begged her for something more definite. Again and again he kissed her, and Lolita shut her eyes and tried to be thrilled by it, and did succeed in being thrilled, but only by the thought of how wonderful it would be were it Mr. Warrill.

At length he drove her back to her room.

After reading for several hours, and working up a current assignment on the writing course, Lolita lay down, fully dressed, upon the bed, and for hours gave herself up to thoughts wholly unpleasant. In the morning her room rent would be due, and she had no money with which to pay it. After she had bought breakfast she would have no money left at all. Certain it was that she would have to do one of three things: marry Watterson, go to work at the Emporium, or get in touch with Gray Eyes and ask him for help. The latter exigency she mentally crossed out of the hazards at once—Mr. Warrill would not like it. Still, that was silly, somehow. Mr. Warrill wouldn't care a whoop even if she married Watterson. It was all quite impossible.

She rose and undressed rapidly and, tried to go to sleep. The very depth of her despair, however, finally roused something deep within her nature which had started to grow the night that she had refused to accept Warrill on his own terms. Since then it had been growing steadily; now, whatever it was, it came to her rescue. She sat up in the dark, jaws tightly clicked together, hands clenched.

"I'll be d—d if I'll give in," she said aloud to herself. "I won't marry Watterson, it wouldn't be fair to him; I won't crawl back to work at the Emporium, that wouldn't be fair to myself, and I won't call on Gray Eyes for help. I'll fight it out, somehow, some other way. Anybody can quit and lay down. If I'm ever going to be somebody, I can't afford to let myself act like 'anybody!'" With grim determination and a brave little song in her heart, she rose, turned on the light, snatched the cover off her typewriter, read the last chapter of her serial, consulted notes on a new chapter and set furiously to work. Hours later she dropped on the bed, exhausted, an excellent chapter finished. Sleep came to her instantly.

The following morning she rose late and dressed in a leisurely fashion to delay the moment when she should have to look on the hall tree downstairs to see what the mailman had brought her. Having had no supper the night before she felt a little weak and exhausted physically, but, mentally, the courage which had come to her in the night was still functioning. There was a grim set to her mouth which would have amazed her father. It made her look years older and stronger, and transformed her sheer prettiness into something deeper that was very close to beautiful. Even she, as she fastened a little bow on her chemise and caught a glimpse of her eyes in the mirror, saw a new depth in them.

Walking downstairs she looked upon the hall tree. There were several postal cards and a letter or two, all of these addressed to other roomers in the house—nothing for her.

Hurrying on out, lest the landlady come and find her in the hall and ask for the rent, she went to a little restaurant and ordered rolls and coffee which she ate right down to the last crumb. An hour later, after a brisk walk, she met Watterson. He did not even ask her what her answer was—somehow he read it instantly in her eyes.

"You'll still let me see you, though, won't you, Lolita?"

"Well," she temporized, "I don't know. I can never marry you; and it seems to me that it would be better for you if we were not to meet again. I've always been afraid that it's taken too much time from your work."

"Don't be silly," he answered her a little sharply, "you are the inspiration for the work. Since I found you again I've done better every day. I could afford now to take care of you in a fair degree of luxury, just on what I make myself without having recourse to dad's money, in fact, I've already begun to pay him back what I owe him. He knows all about you. I explained all about how what happened before was all my fault, and he didn't believe it at first, but he does now. How are you getting along, by the way, with your stories; are you selling them right along so that you have plenty of money—I've noticed that you looked a little peaked lately."

For a moment Lolita debated her answer to this question. She knew that she had but to intimate that she wanted a small loan—

"I'm getting along all right," she told him firmly; "working harder, that's all." Presently they came to a bench and sat down. For a short time they sat in complete silence. Lolita's thoughts drifted back to Elgin. She saw the lawn before the big watch factory where, as a little girl, she had played with other children who came at noon to bring their father's lunches. Lonesomeness lay upon her like a pall. Presently she felt Watterson's arm behind her along the top of the bench. His other arm crept along her forearm until it reached her hand. She turned and looked at him.

"I love you so," he said softly under his breath. There was infinite longing in his eyes. She made no effort to re

His Kisses Every Few Moments Brushed Her Face.

sist when he bent over and kissed her on the lips. Aching, herself, inside for some one that she loved, she had not the heart to put him from her; she lay back, eyes closed, upon his shoulder as his kisses every few moments brushed her face.

"I suppose it's useless to ask you again today to marry me; but please let me see you every day. Even if you don't ever intend to marry me I love to be with you. It takes you away from that darned work of yours long enough to assure your getting a little healthy exercise and fresh air. You will see me, won't you?"

She opened her eyes and looked squarely into his. The expression there startled and frightened her, but it vanished almost instantly. It was as though, for a moment, the man that he had been had looked out through the eyes of the man that he was. She decided that it had just been a notion of her own and dismissed that thought instantly.

"Yes, I'll meet you at the old place, day after tomorrow, and we must go now. It's time for the second mail, and there may be something in it for me."

"You're sure you don't need any money?" he again asked as they rose.

"No," she told him firmly.

They walked to where he had parked his car. When he had driven away Lolita hurried home. Her first glance upon entering the house was at the hall tree—but though there were additional pieces of mail there, showing that the postman had made his second call, there was nothing for her. She wanted to go to her room and work, but she dared not, since the landlady, hearing her typewriter would, in all probability, come and ask for the rent. She was a stickler for promptness in this connection. Going back to the street Lolita again walked toward the park, walked through it to the outer drive which ran along the shore of the lake, and started walking toward town. She had no very definite plan of action. Only grim determination possessed her; she would not give in to circumstance in any particular, come what might.

It was two-thirty, and time for the last mail of the day. She met the mailman and asked him if there were anything for her. There was not. Exhausted and weary she decided to go in and have it out with the landlady.

She walked through the house and out to the kitchen. The landlady, a bent and worn old lady of not more than thirty-six, old, somehow, in spite of the obvious fact of her few years, looked up from a dishpan full of dishes.

"That you, Miss Forbes?" she asked. "Been looking for you all day. Special came for you this morning, and I knew you were not up, so I signed for it; but when I went to your room you were gone. Didn't want to leave it on the hall rack, it looked important." She wiped her hands upon her apron and fished a long envelope out of some recess in her dress. With trembling fingers Lolita took the envelope and slit it open, remembering, as soon as she saw the name in the upper left hand corner, that she had asked the editor to send the check for the story by special delivery in case they bought it. Sure enough, there was a check for fifty dollars enclosed. It looked a hundred times better, huge and green, and signed by three names, than the first $350 check that she had gotten for her first story. She showed it to the woman.

"You couldn't take my rent out of it, could you, and give me the difference?"

The woman shuffled into the pantry, took down a crock marked "spice," extracted a small roll of bills and counted them. Finally Lolita paid two weeks in advance instead of one, since there was not enough money to cash the check otherwise.

With brief thanks to the landlady she turned and made for a restaurant. Fairly flying along she reached the place and entered. The waiter eyed the rather small and dainty looking girl with astonishment which he could hardly conceal at the order she gave him.

"A steak, a large one—medium. An order—an order, not a side dish, mind you—of lyonnaise potatoes. A plate of sliced cucumbers. Waldorf salad, with plenty of nuts. And, oh, yes, while I'm waiting for the steak, bring me a shrimp cocktail and some French bread and butter. And for desert a piece of coconut custard pie, and don't forget a pot of tea. Bring that right away, if you please." It seemed to Lolita that it was the most delicious meal she had ever eaten in her life. With every bite troubles, doubts, worries, fears dropped away from her. She saw herself in Warrill's arms. She saw long vistas of time marked and punctuated only with the receipt of increasingly large checks for stories. She saw paper-wagons with her name upon them, and the title of her serial, "Temptation," below her name in smaller letters.

After dinner she walked gaily back, her head fairly seething with a new chapter for the serial, and a short story to be written before going to bed and gotten off immediately to the publishing company which, in the letter accompanying the check, had asked for more material.

At the corner of the street she stopped at the drug store and bought a package of cigarettes. On the way out the cover of the magazine containing Warrill's story caught her eye. It looked dreadfully interesting. She snatched it from the rack, threw a quarter down upon the counter and walked from the store, little knowing that under her arm, within the cover of the magazine, was the story of Warrill's that would have made her so happy, had she read it, that her present happiness would have seemed like the deepest grief in comparison.

Back in her room she stood for a moment in the center of the floor thumbing through the magazine; however, before her eye caught Warrill's name, a perfect itch to be at the story she had thought of in the hotel dining room took hold of her. She threw the magazine down, snatched the cover from her typewriter and set to work furiously.

(Continued Next Week)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE E GOODRICH, also known as EUGENE EDWARDS GOODRICH, also known as E. E. GOODRICH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Eugene E. Goodrich, also known as Eugene Edwards Goodrich, also known as E. E. Goodrich, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within four (4) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Administrator, with the will annexed, at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Room 807 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with the said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 14th day of December, A. D. 1928.

LEE O. GOODRICH,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of EUGENE E. GOODRICH, ETC., Deceased.

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL,
Attorneys for said Administrator, with the Will annexed. (1st pub. 12-20-28) (12|20-27, 1|3-10-17)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HORACE S. FOOTE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executrix of the last will and testament of Horace S. Foote, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within four months after the first publication of this notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said executrix, Lucia Whitney, at her place of business for the purpose of said estate, to-wit, the law office of C. C. Coolidge, Rooms 817-818 Bank of Italy Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California.

San Jose, Cal., this 27th day of November, A. D. 1928.

Lucia Whitney,
Executrix of said last will and testament

C. C. Coolidge,
Attorney for said executrix.
First Publication 12-6-28 (23-4-5-6-7)

CAMPBELL

INTERURBAN PRESS

Published Every Thursday By
HARRY C. SMITH

Entered as second-class matter September 30, 1904, at the Postoffice at Campbell, California under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

A service for busy people

The new "Where to Buy It" feature in your telephone directory tells you instantly where familiar articles are sold.

You will find the products you want to buy listed *under their own names*, together with their familiar trade-marks and the dealers who sell them locally. And a telephone call will place a desired item promptly in your home.

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hould be your choice!

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Fraternal and Professional Directory

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
D. H. CRAMER, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge, No. 42 meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings
A. E. Brydon, Noble Grand.
Ralph Gardner, Secretary.

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
meets Second and Fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
Harry Barnes, Worthy Master.
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secretary

Brotherhood of American Yeomen
Orchard City Homestead No. 5265 meets 1st & 3rd Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall at Campbell. All Yeomen are cordially invited to attend meetings.
Edward O. Evans, Honorable Foreman — T. A. Robinson, Correspondent

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif

DR. W. I. MERRILL
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours
10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Holidays and Sundays 12-
Office and Residence
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